

The World.

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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

IT was Italian initiative that gave this city the Verazzano memorial and this State Columbus Day as a public holiday. Yet the Florentine Verazzano made his voyage hither under a French commission. The Genoese Columbus planted here the arms of Spain. Italian navigators of the fifteenth century made their Western discoveries under alien flags. The interests of their own governments were bound up in trade routes that ran East instead of West.

In the discovery of America only the individual achievement was an Italian's. The national achievement was Spain's. The power which had newly won unity in the joint sway of Ferdinand and Isabella, and awakened to consciousness of its strength in the expulsion of the Moors, quickly harvested the seed sown by Columbus and won for its empire the greater part of the new world. It is one of the coincidences of history and akin to the reoccupation by Italy of the old Roman town of Tripoli, that in South America the race whose chief adventurer blazed the way for Spain is treading in its footsteps, and that Argentina has become a great depot for Italian immigration.

It matters little that the lust for gold and vice-regal power was strong in Columbus. It was equally so in all the navigators of that period, and substantially the same motives that put America upon the map at a later day peopled with pirates the Spanish main. It matters little now that Columbus was sent home in chains, and that he died in obscurity, a disappointed man. That, or a worse fate, was the reward of adventure in his time. Hudson was turned adrift and left to perish by his own men. Verazzano was hanged at sea. Sebastian Cabot was disgraced for the failure of his expedition. Balboa was beheaded.

For his immeasurable gift to mankind is Columbus remembered, for his dream and his clinging to it through all discouragement, and for the spirit which placed him first among those few of whom it is written, "They make their dreams come true."

WHY NOT CHEW, INSTEAD?

THE two big fires of the year were probably tobacco fires. According to former Fire Chief Croker, a cigarette caused the Asch Building fire and the loss of 150 lives. It is believed that a cigar tossed in a wastepaper basket set the Albany Capitol fire. The origins of many fires are never certainly known, but the story most often held attributes them to cigars and cigarettes flung against window curtains and awnings, or matches used in lighting them. Mr. Croker takes this so seriously that he would have the carrying of matches into factories forbidden by law.

Americans are the world's largest consumers of smoking tobacco. They have also, and this is no mere coincidence, the largest annual fire loss, some \$216,000,000. In the thirty-five years ending in 1910 the total recorded loss was \$4,906,619,240, or five times the national debt. Add to the annual fire loss of \$216,000,000 the annual fire defense cost of about \$250,000,000, and you have a sum equal to half of the annual value of new buildings erected.

These figures are arrayed in no vain argument against the tobacco habit, which many smokers hold is worth all it costs to other people. The point made is that if Americans must use tobacco under roofs, the obsolete chewing plug and the snuff stick have certain prudential advantages. When Dickens wrote his "American Notes" he had much to say about both, but very little about conflagrations.

FROM THE WORLD OF WOMAN.

SOCIOLOGISTS allege that woman represents the constant, man the variable factor in the scheme of evolution. The theory is in the phrase "the eternal feminine." Yet the news of any day asseverates that it is woman who changes while man is always the same. For example, it is just announced that women are to have hips once more. Man never did have them, but woman alternately finds and loses them. It is one of several mysteries in the human form divine that are rather to be recorded than diagrammed.

A place has been discovered, however, for the diagram. Health and beauty by card index is the word at the woman's seminaries. Modelife students are to enter on cards what time they arose each morning, whether they had a shower or plunge, how much exercise they took, and whether there were indications of cold in the head. The smart dames of Newport, taking a short cut to the same end, have equipped their walking sticks with tiny electric searchlights so that their after-dinner tramps may be illuminated.

For a woman there is no wide gap between the beauty column and the party column. An alderman nearly bridges it with an ordinance against women who smoke in restaurants. Mrs. Gus Ruhlin, wife of a whilom pugilist, bridges it completely with her projected all-star boxing match as a suffrage benefit. Only men will perform. But in a Pennsylvania village is a determined little schoolteacher who might qualify. In about a week's time she whipped a bunch of husky schoolboys.

Mrs. Anne Warner French, late of here, but now of England, is strong when she says that "women at home in New York who think of nothing but their own enjoyment, rousing their cheeks, strutting Fifth avenue and wearing costly gowns, are encumbrances on the earth." The purpose of some of the women whom she thus grossly belies is not to encumber the earth but just to "impede traffic." A British male suffragette has told them how.

Letters From the People

About 1,000 Tons a Day.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will you kindly let me know how many tons of coal does the steamship Lusitania use in a day's full run? B.

A Wife's Plait.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

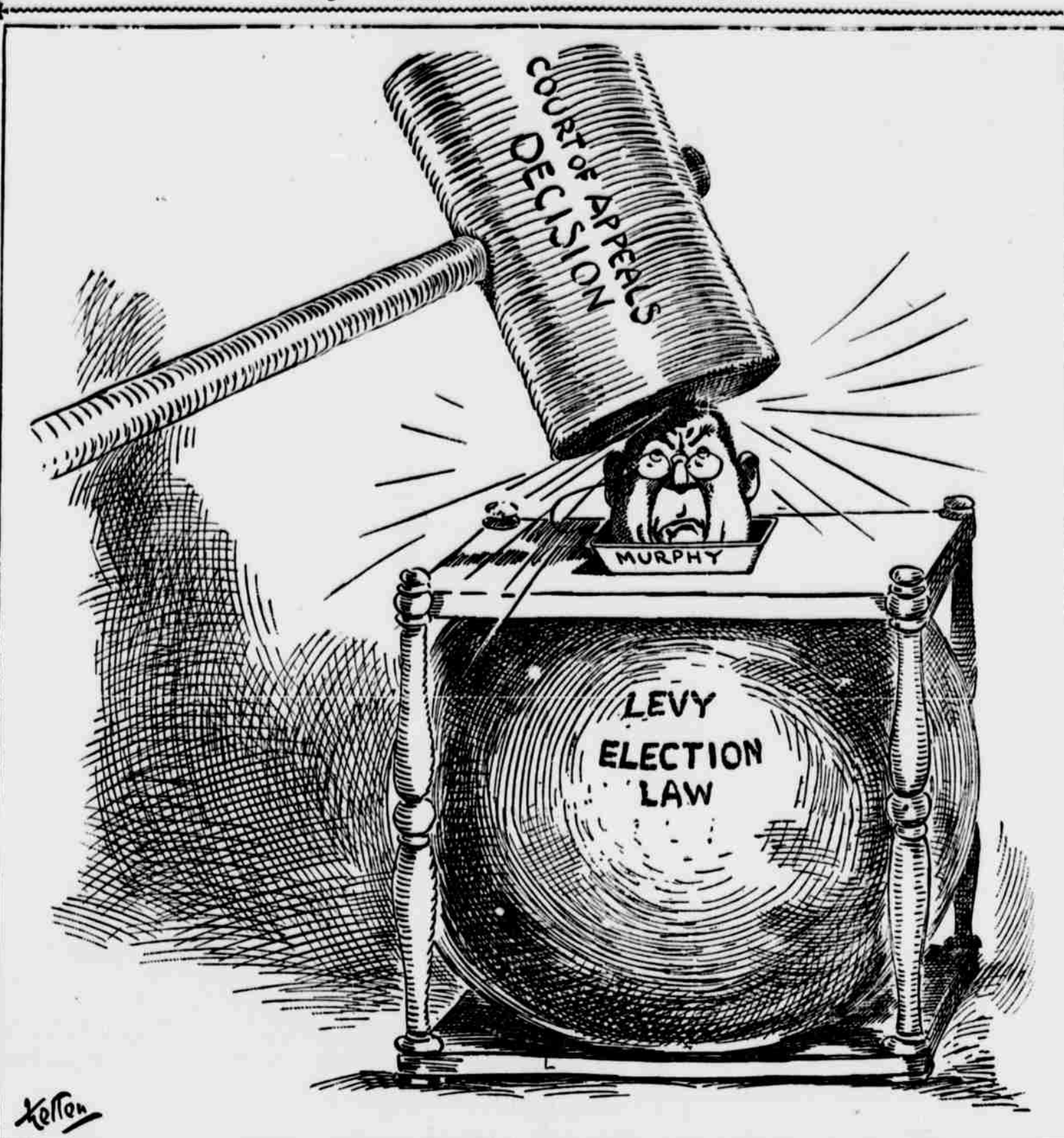
Please advise me, readers, if it is right for a husband always to keep the money and never bring it home to a woman with five children and never go out. He always tells me I am not fit to carry his money. He draws a salary of \$200 a month, and

when I ask him for money he throws \$5 or \$10 on the table for me to keep house with.

HEART-BROKEN WIFE.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Here, readers, is a simple example which needs only a little brain work and common sense: "A ladder placed five feet to the right from the center of street strikes a wall seventy-five feet above the ground on one side and strikes fifty feet above ground on the other side. What is the width of the street?" T. E. C. JR.

A Hard Jolt!
By Maurice Ketten.The Jarr Family
By Roy McCardell.

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MR. JARR came out of Gus's cafe on the corner feeling as though he hadn't a friend in the world. What's the use of anything when one has been driven from home and isn't allowed to stay in his favorite saloon. Mr. Slavinsky, the glazier of the neighborhood, followed him out.

"Say, Mr. Jarr," said Mr. Slavinsky, not unkindly, "of course, maybe, it is you can't help it that your wife kicks up such a business at that woman's club, giving all the other virgins around here that fashion book mit about the fine clothes they should walk in their sleep in. Yes?"

"I leave it to you, Slavinsky," replied Mr. Jarr. "Can I keep my wife from doing what she wants to do, any more than you can prevent your wife from doing what SHE wants to do, or Gus can prevent his wife or Muller or Buss from doing theirs?"

Mr. Slavinsky stroked his beard reflectively. "Sure," he said heartily. "Last night comes a fever to my wife, and so warm she is and I ain't got no fever and I am so shivering with the cold, and the vinder is open and I should close it, and she won't let me because she is warm mit the fever. I say 'Uk the hose of this house, yes, and I shall close the vinder.' Do I lose it?"

No Use Waiting.



"You've heard me play the piano? What do you think of my execution?" "The sooner the better."

Mr. Jarr Finds Some One As Grouchy as Himself

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"No," said Mr. Jarr. "The window stayed open all night." "Who told you? Could you hear it where you live?" asked Mr. Slavinsky. Mr. Jarr shook his head in the negative.

"Now, about that book—My Lady Dainty—it's called—Mr. Jarr went on. 'My wife has one of them, too. To hear her read it you'd think it was an account of what's worn by an extravagant young woman who has just married the United States Treasury, and whose husband can deny her nothing. Does your wife believe that if you didn't spend 50 cents a week in Gus's that she'd have \$6,000 a week to spend on clothes?'"

"For sure it is, such a thing she thinks," said Mr. Slavinsky. "Just then, as the two men were standing by the curb, a rubber-tired automobile from the New York Hospital, shot by them like a streak, giving no warning of its presence till just abreast, and then it clanged its going so suddenly and so loudly that passers-by heaved the curious spectacle of Mr. Jarr and Mr. Slavinsky clasping each other in the embrace of fervent fright and jumping up and away from the passing ambulance almost into the doorway of Gus's place."

"Looser what you are!" screamed Mr. Slavinsky, the first to recover from his fright. "He was not addressing this remark to Mr. Jarr. Mr. Jarr could tell this because Mr. Slavinsky had turned to glance after the ambulance and shake his fist wildly in its direction. Then Mr. Slavinsky breathed hard and picked up his hat."

"Anyhow, I hate them ambulance vot is automobiles. Out of my pocket I am with money by them," he cried, "and my oldest boy, Shidney, is an actor vot sings to the moving picture, and his name changed?"

"Calls himself 'Shidney Slavin,' the Corkonian 'Caruso,' doesn't he?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Yes," replied the glazier, "but that ain't nothing nowhere at all to what I call him."

"But what's the auto-ambulances got to do with his going on the stage and you losing money?" asked Mr. Jarr. "On his education by the law school I lose it," said Mr. Slavinsky. "And now, you see, he ain't a lawyer instead of a theatre actor what sings mit the illustrated songs in the moving pictures."

"Here it is," said Mr. Slavinsky. "My Shidney, vitch is my oldest boy, he should be a lawyer. Now, on account of them automobile ambulances, Shidney he ain't a lawyer, and when I sue Raftery, the builder, the money it costs goes outside the family. Is that right?"

"Yes, but," ventured Mr. Jarr. "Every family should have its own lawyer and its own doctor, for that they don't cost nothing like groceries or meat," said Mr. Slavinsky. "What good is it to have a son what is a grocer or a butcher, except you get things at wholesale? But a doctor or a lawyer it costs him nothing and, if they are in the family, it costs you nothing."

"But what has that to do with ambulance autos?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Ain't you got no sense?" replied Mr. Slavinsky. "Ain't I telling you that my Shidney was going to law school that he goes around and practices being a lawyer them days?"

"Following the ambulance, training to keep up with them and get the victim's name and the witnesses first," explained Mr. Slavinsky. "Well, ven Shidney gets so he can keep up with the fastest horse ambulances they put in automobile vones, and the money for his education is thrown away and he goes to be an actor."

"Well, you could have gotten a motorcycle for him," said Mr. Jarr. "And, anyway, if your little isidore is to be a doctor he'll be able to joy ride in the ambulances."

"By golly! That's so!" said Mr. Slavinsky.

Reflections Of A Bachelor Girl
By Helen Rowland.

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BT me make a man laugh, and I care not who makes his coffee.

The moment a man gets used to one wife or one automobile he begins to wonder if he might not have done better if he had chosen a different kind.

A confirmed bachelor is a man who loves himself so much that he doesn't need a woman to help him.

It isn't kissing a girl that constitutes the impudence. It's assuming that she wants you to kiss her.

A man should choose a wife as he would a dish at dinner—not because he finds her attractive, or delicious, or spicy—but because he thinks she will agree with him.

A fear in the eyes of a sweetheart will cause a man's conversation to be a fit of hysterics on the part of a wife.

Turning the left cheek in a quarrel may be brave, but dangerous—but don't turn all the way 'round, so that a man can stick pins in your back.

There is a natural conclusion to every love affair, and to be able to write "Finito" at the end of your romance with a steady hand is the quintessence of savoir faire.

Many a girl fancies she has a broken heart when it is nothing but a sprained ideal.

Great Moments In War.

Told By Living Generals.
By PHILIP R. DILLON.

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Gen. Joseph Hayes at Appomattox.

BREVET MAJOR-GEN. JOSEPH HAYES, aged seventy-six years and living in New York, a big, soldierly man, with the lightning blue eyes and fighting jaw of his Maine ancestors, is the civil war hero of the Harvard class of 1855, in which he graduated. He was born at South Berwick, Me. He went to the front in 1861 as Major of the Eighteenth Massachusetts Infantry, later commanded that regiment and served in the Army of the Potomac throughout the war.

At the battle of Shepherdstown, a few days after the battle of Antietam, in September, 1862, while leading his regiment and almost alone between the lines he was shot down, a ball ploughing a furrow in his scalp and two buckshot lodging in the cords of his neck.

On May 12, 1864, he was promoted to Brigadier-General and was a field officer through the hottest of the Wilderness campaign. There he was taken prisoner. After several months in Libby prison he was exchanged and rejoined his corps in front of Petersburg. He was immediately breveted Major-General.

"It comes back to me across the gap of forty-six years as clearly as if it happened yesterday, that event of the last hours of the great conflict," said Gen. Hayes, sitting in the studio of his friend, the noted sculptor, J. H. Kelly.

"I had been released from prison on Feb. 22, 1865, and rode at once to Cold Point, five miles from Petersburg, the headquarters of Gen. Grant and Gen. Meade. In the first gray of the morning I reached the marquee tent of the commander-in-chief, when all were asleep except sentries, and all was silent—yet there was one man, not a sentry, who was awake. I approached a man standing outside the tent and recognized Gen. Grant."

"To him I reported and asked him to direct me to the Fifth Corps, in which I had commanded the summer before, when I was captured. I went with him inside his tent and there he took a map and put his finger on a spot, saying: 'The corps camped there last night.'"

"I rode away in the gray morning, miles across country, with my servant, a negro, and came to Gen. Griffin's division. Gen. Griffin assigned me to command a new brigade. The net around Lee at Petersburg was daily tightening during the next month."

"On April 2 Lee broke away westward. The Fifth Corps, now commanded by Gen. Griffin, was ordered to join Gen. Ord's Twenty-fourth Corps. We marched away and came to Gen. Ord at Prospect Station on April 8, and thence away the combined corps pushed on for twenty-nine miles. We bivouached three hours in the middle of the night and just before dawn of the morning of April 9 we resumed the march in pursuit of Lee."

"At 7 o'clock we halted very near Appomattox Court House. The men were, fearfully tired, yet seemed buoyed up with the tense feeling that the end was near. In front of us was Gen. Custer's cavalry, a part of Sheridan's command. My command was the advance of the army. We had not finished our coffee when a cavalryman from Custer's brigade came rushing back, shouting to me and my staff:

"'Hurry up! Hurry up! Double quick!'" "Indeed, Custer was being hard pressed. I formed my brigade and forward we went. I came out of a patch of woods and looked down over a little valley through which a stream ran, and over beyond the upland, on the other side, was the enemy. The rest of our army was in the rear. My brigade seemed to be alone there."

"Back came Custer's cavalry. The enemy was driving him, and past us going rearward went his cavalrymen. I got off my horse and ordered my brigade flank thrown back to be ready for the coming attack. The enemy opened fire from the summit of the hill in front. He was preparing to move on us. The first battle was on, and Lee was fighting his death struggle to get out of the net. An aide galloped up to me and cried:

"'Gen. Griffin orders you to charge!'" "I gave the order: 'Fix bayonets!' The rattling sound of the bayonets fixing is still in my ears. 'Charge!' I ordered."

"Down the slope we went, across the stream, and steadily on upward toward the crest, every instant expecting the storm of lead from the desperate enemy we were nearing."

"And suddenly over the top of the hill just in front of us came three men toward us, one of them waving a white flag."

"I stopped stock still, and every soldier of my brigade stopped right in his tracks, and no word of command was given. It was as if the sight of that flag had taken away utterly their power of motion and speech."

"My limbs trembled. I felt a physical weakness, as if I was about to collapse. I wanted to sink down on the ground and lie flat. I felt no gladness. I was tired—tired of four years of blood. And a strange sadness came over me. For that white flag was the signal of Lee's surrender. And the occupation of our soldiers was gone!"

Adventures of an Unattractive Girl

By Alma Woodward.

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I Try to Make Myself Beautiful.

UNTIL I reached my eighteenth birthday I regarded my lack of beauty helplessly. I knew just how unattractive I was—in deed, a day never passed without some little heart-breaking reminder of it. But, strange to say, I didn't make the slightest attempt to remedy it.

I was gradually adopting that miserable attitude of resignation—absence of beauty to me was a visitation that Providence had seen fit to bestow upon me, so why not treat it as one would a deformity?

Then one day a friend of mine, a girl a year older than I, came to see me, and, looking at her skin, I observed that it had more of a downy whiteness than usual.

She colored slightly under my scrutiny and said: "I suppose you're looking at the powder. It's some of my mother's. Older women use it to make themselves more attractive. Why shouldn't we? It takes that horrible shine off the nose, anyway."

As I listened a great weight seemed to lift from my heart and I actually giggled in joyous anticipation of what I was going to do to "improve" myself. I could hardly wait till she went home. Then the front door barely closed behind her when I rushed up to my mother's room and began to rummage among her toilet things.

I found the box at last. The label read: "Poudre de riz a la violette de Parme, blanche." I seized the chamotte and, dipping it into the sweet smelling stuff, applied it liberally to my face.

I think I expected to see a complete metamorphosis when I looked in the mirror, but I was cruelly disappointed! The powder stuck to my face in huge blotches in some places and rubbed off completely in others. The freckles showed browner by contrast and the tip end of my nose remained as rebelliously pink and shiny as ever before.

Then I remembered that my mother had said once that people with freckles should use a cream before they put on powder. I rushed to the bathroom and procured the cold cream jar. In my eagerness I got the stuff in my hair and eyes, but I hardly noticed it, so impatient was I for the desired result.

Once again I applied the powder. Looking back, after these several years have passed, I smile at the thought of how my novice hand must have plastered on the stuff.

It assumed a thick, sticky consistency that transformed my face into a pallid mask with two small pale blue eyes shining through—sole evidence of animation!

A neck like a swan, and cheeks like the roses. And teeth exactly like pearls. Would be—well—a curious metamorphosis for even the loveliest girl.

(To Be Continued.)

The Post's Girl.

O H, wouldn't a girl be a wonder. And wouldn't she awaken surprise That would read even poets' asunder If she really had stars for eyes!

They gush of the maidens as sweetly And paint her in language so merry. But wouldn't they back down directly If she really had lips like a cherry?

A neck like a swan, and cheeks like the roses. And teeth exactly like pearls. Would be—well—a curious metamorphosis for even the loveliest girl.

(To Be Continued.)